Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The subscription price of the SPECTATOR is
$2.00 A YEAR,
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

☞ When payments are not made strictly in advance Three Dollars will be charged.

☞ Any one sending us FIVE new subscribers and $10, will receive a copy of the paper for one year, *gratis.*

Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 61. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1884. NO. 51.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square of eight lines or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ A liberal discount will be made on advertisements published for 3, 6, or 12 months.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

☞ Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications of a personal or private character, will be charged for as advertisements.

Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Va.

Co Clk's Office 23sep'84

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

MEADE F. WHITE. A. C. GORDON.
WHITE & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
COURTS.—Augusta and adjoining counties, Federal Court at Harrisonburg, Court of Appeals of Virginia, at Staunton. feb21-tf

S. S. SMELTZER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA
Office in Stout Building, Court-house Alley

C. A. RICHARDSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
Special attention given to the collection of claims, and prompt returns made.
COURTS—Augusta and Rockingham.
OFFICE—No. 2 Law Building. oct7

WM. A. HUDSON. WM. PATRICK.
HUDSON & PATRICK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Special attention paid to collections. feb12-tf

J. R. TUCKER, Lexington, Va. H. ST. GEO. TUCKER, Staunton, Va.
TUCKER & TUCKER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and the adjoining counties. Also in the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and will attend regularly the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge. au22-tf

H. M. MATHEWS. ALEX. F. MATHEWS.
MATHEWS & MATHEWS,
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LEWISBURG, WEST VA.,
practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.
☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State.
may 17—1y

THOMAS D. RANSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
Offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

PRESTON A BAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
And Solicitor in Chancery, STAUNTON, VA.,
practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

WM. M. McALLISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WARM SPRINGS, VA.
Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for. dec 23—tf

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON,
DENTIST,
MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.
OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

T. C. ELDER. WM. J. NELSON.
ELDER & NELSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
and Real Estate Agents,
may 5 STAUNTON, VA.

TAILORING.

J. A. HUTCHESON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
109 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.

I desire to call the attention of my friends and the public to the fact that I have just received a most beautiful line of—

DRESS GOODS

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.

I am prepared to furnish Gentlemen's suits, of the very best materials, made up in the latest styles and in the most workmanlike manner, at low prices, and satisfaction guaranteed. I also keep a full line of **Gents' Furnishing Goods.** ☞ Give me a call before making your purchases. Respectfully,
oct14-tf J. A. HUTCHESON.

MERCHANT TAILORING

HEADQUARTERS,

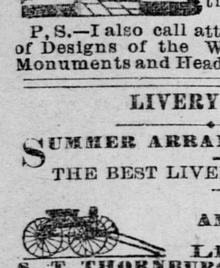
M. F. McNAMARA,
No. 10 NEW ST.,
STAUNTON, VA.

My Merchant Tailoring Establishment has just been fitted up with a new and fine assortment of

Suitings, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.,
FOR FALL AND WINTER,
of the latest styles and best manufacture.
☞ Perfect fits guaranteed and orders promptly executed.
Call and examine goods and prices. jy2-tf

MARBLE WORKS.

VALLEY MARBLE WORKS,
STAUNTON, VA.
the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.

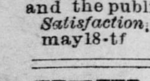


Everything is at very low prices, and I am selling Monuments, Head and Foot Stones, as low for cash as any local or traveling agent, or any Marble dealer in the United States. Don't believe anything to the contrary, till you come and see.
J. C. MARQUIS.
P. S.—I also call attention to my Catalogue of Designs of the Wonderful White Bronze Monuments and Head Stones. au27-tf

LIVERY STABLES.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THE BEST LIVERY IN THE STATE.



AMERICAN HOTEL
Livery Stables.
S. T. THORNBURG, ... Proprietor.

Having refitted my stables and added a number of fine horses and vehicles to my stock, I am prepared to accommodate the summer travel in the most elegant and handsome style at reasonable prices.
☞ Hunting, Fishing and Pleasure Parties generally will be supplied with any kind of vehicle desired, at low prices.
I respectfully invite my former customers and the public generally to give me a call.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
may18-tf S. T. THORNBURG.

NEW DRUG FIRM.

Having bought the Drug Business of G. W. MAY & CO., we respectfully ask you to give us your patronage.

We keep constantly on hand a large supply of—

DRUGS,

Medicines, and Chemicals.

HAIR BRUSHES,
COMBS, SOAPS,
FANCY AND—
TOILET ARTICLES,
ARTISTS' MATERIAL,
PREPARED PAINT.

Lead, Linseed and Lard Oil,

GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

We expect to buy for cash and to give customers the benefit of it.

With close application and fair dealing we hope to merit your approval.

Dr. G. S. WALKER

will give the business his personal attention, and his special attention and supervision TO

PRESCRIPTIONS.

DR. G. S. WALKER & CO.,
jy1 Successors to G. W. May & Co.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. dec4 '83-1y*

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000. ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2nd, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS I, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **September 9, 1884—172nd** Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES:—

1 CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1 do	do	25,000
1 do	do	10,000
2 PRIZES OF	$6000	12,000
5 do	2000	10,000
10 do	1000	10,000
20 do	500	10,000
100 do	200	20,000
300 do	100	30,000
500 do	50	25,000
1000 do	25	25,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
9 Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9 do do	500	4,500
9 do do	250	2,250
1967 Prizes, amounting to		$265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information, write clearly, giving full address. Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to **NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.**

POSTAL NOTES and ordinary letters by Mail or Express (all sums of $5 and upwards by Express at our expense) to

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.,

or **M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.** au12-4t

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY.

The ONLY LINE running

A SOLID TRAIN

WITH

Pullman Sleeping Cars and Day Coaches from Washington, Richmond, Charlottesville, Waynesboro, Staunton and Clifton Forge, TO LOUISVILLE and CINCINNATI, WITHOUT CH

Connecting direct for all points in the WEST, NORTHWEST, and SOUTHWEST.

Schedule in Effect June 8th, 1884.

WESTWARD.	No. 3. Daily.	No. 1. Daily. Ex. Sun.	No. 5. See Train Notes.
Lve Norfolk	3 00 p m	6 50 a m	....
Lve Old Point C'f't	3 45 p m	7 20 a m	....
Lve Newport News	4 10 p m	7 55 a m	....
Lve Richmond	6 40 p m	10 55 a m	10 20 p m
Arr Gordonsville	9 05 p m	1 55 p m	1 25 a m
Arr Charlottesville	9 48 p m	2 40 p m	2 30 a m
Lve Washington	5 10 p m	8 40 a m	10 35 p m
Arr Charlottesville	9 50 p m	1 15 p m	2 30 a m
Lve Charlottesville	10 00 p m	2 55 p m	2 45 a m
Arr Waynesboro'	11 11 p m	4 22 p m	3 53 a m
Arr Staunton	11 37 p m	4 55 p m	4 22 a m
Arr Clifton Forge	1 45 a m	7 25 p m	6 40 a m
Arr White Sulphur	3 10 a m	9 15 p m	8 25 a m
Arr Hinton	5 10 a m	11 46 p m	10 50 a m
Arr Kanawha Falls	7 20 a m	2 43 a m	1 25 p m
Arr Cannelton	7 45 a m	3 10 a m	2 10 p m
Arr Charleston	8 41 a m	4 22 a m	3 17 p m
Lve Huntington	9 40 a m	6 20 a m	4 15 p m
Arr Ashland (AC&I)	10 20 a m	7 02 a m	5 00 p m
Arr Columbus	....	3 00 p m	11 30 p m
Arr Winchester	2 30 p m	11 45 a m	....
Arr Lexington	3 20 p m	12 45 p m	....
Arr Louisville	7 10 p m	5 15 p m	....
Arr Cincinnati	6 05 p m	5 35 p m	....

EASTWARD.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 2. See Train Notes.	No. 6. See Train Notes.
Lve Cincinnati	8 10 p m	....	8 20 a m
Lve Louisville	7 15 p m	....	6 55 a m
Lve Lexington	10 40 p m	....	12 50 p m
Lve Winchester	11 35 p m	....	1 45 p m
Lve Columbus	5 30 p m	....	12 00 n'h
Lve Ashland	3 26 a m	9 15 a m	6 29 p m
Arr Huntington	4 00 a m	10 15 a m	7 15 p m
Arr Charleston	6 28 a m	1 32 p m	12 44 p m
Arr Cannelton	7 15 a m	2 45 p m	12 00 n'g't
Arr Kanawha Falls	7 40 a m	3 10 p m	12 32 a m
Arr Hinton	10 26 a m	6 19 p m	3 43 a m
Arr Ronceverte	11 42 a m	8 13 p m	5 26 a m
Arr White Sulphur	12 05 p m	8 40 p m	5 50 a m
Arr Clifton Forge	1 30 p m	10 15 p m	7 40 a m
Arr Staunton	3 57 p m	1 01 a m	10 26 a m
Arr Waynesboro'	4 22 p m	1 28 a m	10 57 a m
Arr Charlottesville	5 20 p m	2 35 a m	12 05 p m
Arr Washington	9 45 p m	9 20 a m	....
Arr New York	6 30 a m	3 50 p m	....
Arr Gordonsville	6 12 p m	4 24 a m	12 55 p m
Arr Richmond	8 30 p m	8 10 a m	4 05 p m
Lve Richmond	....	8 20 a m	4 15 p m
Arr Newport News	....	10 45 a m	7 00 p m
Arr Old Point C'f't	....	11 10 a m	7 30 p m
Arr Norfolk	....	11 45 a m	8 00 p m

STANDARD TIME.—East of Huntington, 75th meridian, or Eastern time; West of Huntington, 90th meridian, or Central time, which is one hour slower than Eastern time.

No. 1, daily, except Sunday, Old Point to White Sulphur; leaves White Sulphur daily, except Saturday, arrives Cincinnati and Louisville daily, except Sunday. Pullman Sleeping Cars from Clifton Forge and White Sulphur to St. Louis, Mo., and Columbus, Ohio, without change.

No. 2, daily, between Ashland and Clifton Forge; leaves Clifton Forge daily, except Saturday, arrives Old Point daily, except Sunday. Pullman Sleeping Cars White Sulphur to Washington and Baltimore, and White Sulphur to Richmond.

Nos. 3 and 4, Solid Trains daily, with Pullman Sleeping Cars, between Washington, Richmond, and Louisville and Cincinnati. Do not stop for local business.

No. 5, daily, except Sunday, Richmond to Clifton Forge; daily, between Clifton Forge and Ashland. Pullman Sleeping Cars Baltimore and Washington to White Sulphur, and Richmond to White Sulphur.

No. 6, daily, except Sunday, from Louisville, Cincinnati, and Lexington, arrives White Sulphur daily, except Monday; leaves White Sulphur for Old Point daily, except Sunday. Pullman Sleeping Cars St. Louis to White Sulphur and Clifton Forge, via Louisville Air-Line, and Columbus to White Sulphur, via Ashland.

CHARLOTTESVILLE ACCOMMODATION.—No. 7, leaves Richmond, except Sunday, 4:30 p. m.; arrive Charlottesville, 9:15 p. m.

Train No. 6 connects with Old Dominion Steamers at Newport News, 7:00 p. m., on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday; arrives at New York next afternoon.

Trains from Old Point Comfort make direct connection at R., F. & P. Junction for Washington and New York. No omnibus transfer required.

For Rates, Tickets, Baggage Checks, apply to any office of C. & O. R'y; or Depot or Ticket Office of connecting lines.

C. W. SMITH, Gen'l Manager. H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass'r Agent. june24

BOOTS AND SHOES.

1884. SPRING GOODS. 1884.

CHAS. L. WELLER

has just received his Spring Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES,

and HATS.

LADIES' FINE BUTTON BOOTS, from $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00, to $7.00.

LADIES' FINE PEBBLE GOAT BUTTON BOOTS, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00.

Misses' and Children's Shoes,
of all styles and sizes.

Old Ladies' and Old Gents' BROAD BOTTOM and LOW HEEL SHOES—for solid comfort.

—THE—

LARGEST STOCK OF STRAW HATS

ever received in Staunton.

☞ **Orders Solicited by Mail.**
apr15 **Prompt Attention to same.**

HAY PRESSES. We are sole agents for the DEDRICK HAY BALING PRESSES for the Valley of Va., Albemarle county, and West Va. Call or write for circulars, &c. LYNN & CO.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

IT CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts DIRECTLY and AT ONCE on the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS, restoring them to a healthy action. It is a safe, sure and speedy cure and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die.

IT IS BOTH A "SAFE CURE" and a "SPECIFIC."

It CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Nervous Diseases, Excesses, Female Weaknesses, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

$1.25 AT DRUGGISTS.

☞ **TAKE NO OTHER.** ☜

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet of Solid Testimonials of Absolute Cures.

HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,
Providence, R. I.

je17-1y

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "**scavengers of the system,**" producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and **TUTT'S** are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.

Sold everywhere, **25c.** Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

aug7-1y

DR. FAHRNEY'S

HEALTH RESTORER.

THE wonderful cures effected by this now well-known remedy, not only in our private practice at home, but throughout the United States, has drawn the attention of the medical profession to its use throughout the land. In Chronic Rheumatism and Acute Gout, Jaundice, Bilious disorders and Liver Complaint, Pimples and Eruptions on the face, Erysipelas, Dropsical Troubles, Painful and difficult Menstruation, Nervous or Sick Headache, Costiveness or Constipation, Milk Leg, Scald Head, Skin Diseases, Ulcers and Boils, Kidney and Urinary weakness, Female weaknesses and Tetter affections.

A large proportion of the CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES that afflict MANKIND have their origin in an impure state of the BLOOD and a depraved condition of the LIVER, and poisons the very fountain of Life; and no better remedy can be used than **Health Restorer.** A SINGLE BOTTLE will produce such a change of feeling as often to ASTONISH the SUFFERER. Be ADVISED and give it a trial. ALL DRUGGISTS AND STOREKEEPERS sell it.

$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

PREPARED BY

DR. D. FAHRNEY & SON,

HAGERSTOWN, MD.

apr15 '84-1y

CATARRH **Hay Fever**

Is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts, and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation.—There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes.

HAY-FEVER

CREAM BALM

is a remedy, founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. It has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations.

Not a Liquid or Snuff.

Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cts., at druggists; 60 cts. by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts.

ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
feb12 '84-1y

J. A. HAMRICK. J. A. FAUVER

J. A. HAMRICK & CO.,
DEALERS IN

GROCERIES AND PRODUCE.

Make a Specialty of

Leather and Shoe Findings

Headquarters for **Harness Leather.**

Highest **Cash Price** paid for
feb19 '84-1y SLAUGHTERED HIDES.

LIVERY. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Wishing FIRST-CLASS

BUGGIES,
HACKS, and
PHÆTONS,

can be accommodated, at all times, by calling on S. T. THORNBURG,
Telephone Connection. AUGUSTA ST.,
fe5 Staunton, Va.

POETRY.

MY BABY AND I.

Ippety, kippety-kee!
I see baby,
Merry as may be,
Blinking and smiling at me
While you've been sleeping
In silent security,
I have been keeping
Watch, bonnie bird of love, nested in purity!
I have been sitting
Contentedly knitting,
Quietly reading, or silently sewing,
In shade, while outside the bright sun was glowing.
Come from your nest, dear!
Leave it till night—
Come to my breast, dear!
Cosily rest here
In loving delight!

Ippety, kippety, tippety-tee!
I love baby, and baby loves me,
Whippety, tippety, kippety-ki!
We are so happy—and God knoweth why?

Ippety, kippety-kee!
Ah! my baby,
May your life's way be
Bright as a life-path can be;
And when I'm sleeping
In breathless security,
May you be reaping
Rich harvest of golden grain ripened in purity!

Sweet! as I fold you
And tenderly hold you
Close to the heart that with love-fire is glowing,
My cup of pure pleasure is filled to o'erflowing!
Dear! you have heard of love
All the year long—
Sing, then, blithe bird of love,
Sin, without word of love,g
Love's sweetest song!
Ippety, kippety, tippety-tee!
I'll sing to you when you've sung to me;
Then, with a whippety, kippety-ki,
We'll sing together, my baby and I.
—CHAS. JOHNS, *in Cassell's Magazine.*

A YOUNG SCHEMER.

"Yes, I am sure that would be the best plan," mused Jean Scott aloud, clasping her hands around her knees, and looking up through the trees at a little patch of clear sky shining down between the leaves. "Mr. Stuart is rich and handsome," here she sighed without any known reason. "Phœbe ought to marry him—she must do it—and let that stupid John Barnard go, I am sure—positively sure. Victor Stuart would suit her best, and I will make the match."

It was Sunday afternoon, and Jean sat out under a big oak tree in the front yard. A book lay on the grass beside her, and a little crippled chicken, rescued from the horse lot, nestled in a fold of her buff linen gown.

She was a supple slender girl, olive-skinned, gray-eyed, and black-haired, and just bordering on eighteen.

With the calm confidence of inexperience and positive ignorance, she had made up her mind to meddle in a very delicate matter—namely, a love affair.

The Scotts were country people, owned a good farm, and lived comfortably, and John Barnard, a neighboring farmer, had long long loved Phœbe, the eldest daughter of the house, and a very pretty girl of twenty.

The matter had not disturbed Jean until two things occurred. Her father suffered some reverses of fortune, and Victor came up from New Orleans.

She felt peculiarly grateful to him, for he was not only young, handsome, and rich, but he had also saved her life on a certain occasion, when she had been more reckless than wise, in running a horse race with her brother.

Her pony took it into his head to run away, and Miss Jean's white neck might have been broken, had it not been for the timely appearance of Mr. Stuart, who threw himself in front of the unruly horse, and checked him.

That encounter led to a closer acquaintance with the family, and the young man had called several times.

He rode up to the gate, and dismounted, while Jean sat on the grass and meditated her plan.

The color leaped to her cheeks at sight of him, and a thrill shot through her heart.—How happy any woman might be to win his love—he looked so brave and handsome.

Now she had always been a little shy before him, but to-day she rose to meet him with a smile, and a slim hand extended.

The gentleman responded warmly to her friendly greeting.

"You take compassion on all afflicted creatures?" he remarked, glancing down at the little downy chick which rested on the grass, with its broken leg bound up with a bit of linen.

Jean lifted it tenderly.

"Ah, yes. Poor little weakling! its life is but a frail thing, but precious to it no doubt. I love not pain or suffering. But pardon me, I will not keep you standing out here."

"It is very pleasant, I——"

"But much pleasanter in the house," she said hastily, confused by the way his eyes dwelt upon her. "Go in, Mr. Stuart."

"Will you come also?"

"When I have cared for this wounded chick—yes, sir, perhaps. Phœbe is in the parlor."

And when he had reluctantly departed, she sat down again, and hid her face in her hands, her heart beating quick and loud.

"'Tis only his way—only his way, and I am a foolish weak-minded creature to allow his pleasant words and kindly glances to affect me."

She had not long to sigh over her folly, or scold herself for it.

Another young man had arrived on the scene, and she must prepare to meet him.

He was an honest, good-looking young farmer, and from her childhood Jean had known and liked him, but to-day she must crush any presumptuous hopes he might possibly entertain regarding Phœbe.

"Good evening, Jean."

She had picked up her book again, and apparently much interested in it, for all it was wrong end up.

"Good evening, John," in a calmly patronizing tone.

"Is Phœbe at home?"

"Yes; she is in the parlor, entertaining company."

His face fell.

"Entertaining company?"

"Yes—Mr. Stuart."

"He here again?" said poor John Barnard, a faint spark of jealousy in his heart gathering heat and strength.

"Yes, certainly; but go in. Pa and ma are in the sitting-room. The boys are not at home. I am sorry to say."

"Oh no; I'll just go on back home. I suppose that fellow will stay all the afternoon."

"Mr. Stuart? Very probably he will."

But hardly had Mr. Barnard ridden dejectedly away, when Victor Stuart came out again.

"Going so early?" said Jean, arching her pretty dark brows in surprise.

"Yes; I have an engagement to dine in town. But first give me a rose—

"Ah, one rose—
One rose—but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips
Less exquisite than thine!"

He quoted, too low for her to catch the full meaning of the words.

She hurriedly plucked a handful of half-blown creamy roses, and gave them to him.

But not another glance could he win from her, though a tell-tale color stole up her soft throat into her cheeks, betraying confusion and tumult of heart, and he rode gaily away, half crushing the sweet roses against his lips.

The sun had dropped much lower in the west, and the yard was all in deep purplish shade, when Phœbe came out where her young sister reposed on the grass, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes like the eyes of a dreamer.

"What are you thinking about?" enquired Miss Scott.

"Nothing," starting up.

"Interesting subject. You have been completely absorbed. What a dull day this has been! I thought perhaps John Barnard would come," looking carefully at her plump white hands.

"He did, but I sent him away," said Jean firmly.

"Sent him away?"

"Yes,"

"Why?"

"Because Mr. Stuart was here, and I did not suppose you would care to be disturbed."

"You take a good deal for granted. What do I care for Mr. Stuart? If you have offended John Barnard, I will never forgive you—never!"

And placid Phœbe's eyes flashed, and she turned away in anger.

"Good gracious! does she really love him, and am I sacrificing my sister to a heartless matchmaking scheme? But how can she love him after seeing Mr. Stuart? Girls are queer creatures!" mused Jean, somewhat troubled at the mischief she made.

She felt positively guilty, when, waking one night, she heard her sighing.

A week had passed, but the jealous young farmer kept to his own grounds—at least the Scotts did not see anything of him.

"What is the matter, Phœbe?" Jean enquired tenderly.

"Nothing at all."

"Are you troubled—about—about—John?" dragging the words out hesitatingly.

"Well, I am sorry you wounded the feelings of one who has always been our friend."

"So am I, but I did it for your good. I promise you I will never meddle again."

"Why did you do it?' curiously.

And then Jean made a clean confession of her matchmaking.

"But, of course, if you intend to grieve your eyes out about John Barnard, I give up the whole affair."

Phœbe listened, first rather shocked, then greatly amused.

"Oh, you blind, silly child! What a mad scheme! Mr. Stuart cares no more for me than any other indifferent acquaintance. Do you think he loves me?"

"I think he would if you encouraged him. Why shouldn't he? You are sweet and lovely."

Phœbe leaned over and kissed her, touched by her honest love and admiration.

"There, child, go to sleep, for you seem to be eight instead of eighteen."

Now Jean longed to undo her work—to bring back her sister's lover—but not a word of this did she breathe. It was best left untalked of until accomplished, she wisely thought.

And fate threw the chance in her way the very next afternoon.

Returning from the village she met John Barnard face to face in the road.

"Why, how do you do, John? Where have you been for this week past?" she said with a friendly smile.

"At home," he rather gruffly replied.

"Why have you not been round to see us?"

"Didn't know that I would be welcome."

"Why, John!" in shocked tones.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Jean, I did not believe Phœbe would care to see me."

"Indeed, she does care; but I shall not tell you anything about it," making a move, as though to pass him.

"Oh, yes, Jean; please do! Where is that fellow Stuart?"

"I really cannot tell you where Mr. Stuart is. It is not pleasant to hear him called 'that fellow.'"

"Hang him!"

"What for? Now, you are very unreasonable, and if you want to know anything more, you must ask Phœbe."

"One question! Are they—are they engaged?"

"Engaged? Good Heavens! no! Who ever dreamed of such a thing!" she exclaimed with as much astonishment as though she had not been planning to that very end.

"Poor fellow! he does love her. It was a shame to make him suffer so!" she thought, watching him as he walked on up the road, whistling, "I will never try matchmaking again—never!" she continued aloud. "But what does the old song say?"

"If you do not succeed, try, try again," and blushing, she turned to face Victor Stuart. "Care marks your brow, Miss Jean; tell me your trouble."

"Why not? I do assure you I will keep the secret, if secret it be, and give all the comfort I can."

"Thank you; but I am not in need of sympathy," she said, walking on.

He kept at her side, carrying his gun on one arm.

"Well, I am, for I love a girl—a sweet, beautiful, loveable girl; but I am afraid she does not love me."

He stole a glance at the sober young face shaded by the broad-brimmed hat. It turned white, rather than red, and a faint quiver passed over the sweet soft lips.

"Have you asked her?" she managed to say very steadily.

It was a dreadful thing to hear him talk to that girl.

"No; she is young and I do not want to be too hasty. But I love her with all my heart, all my soul, and if she would but marry me——" He drew a long breath, his eyes alight with love's fire. "Tell me, Jean, shall I wait a while longer, or can I ask her now?"

"Do as you think best."

They were walking along a shady path, almost in sight of the house, Stuart flung down his gun, and stretched out his hands to Jean.

"Then say that you will be my wife, for you are my love!"

So ended Jean's first and last attempt at matchmaking.

Phœbe lives contentedly with her farmer, but Jean is in the city, and is Mrs. Victor Stuart.

A VISION VERIFIED.—During the siege of Vicksburg the wife of a Confederate soldier was living with her parents in the interior of Mississippi. One night she had a vision, in which she saw the fortifications, in which her husband was on duty. In front was an earthwork where the men were protected from the fire of the enemy, but in the rear was a rise of ground which was exposed to bullets. She saw her husband attempt to pass over this small eminence, saw him fall, and saw his companions carry him to an unexposed position, and there he died. She saw the preparations for his burial, the coffin in which he was laid, distinctly noticed the kots and marks on the unplaned lid, and all the duties connected with the burial.

The vision made such an impression upon her mind that she related the story to her family, and her father wrote down all the particulars as she saw them. She had not been in Vicksburg since it was invested, and consequently knew nothing of the situation of the works, and had received no letter from her husband from the time the Federals closed around it. Several weeks afterwards Vicksburg surrendered and the Confederates were paroled and returned to their homes. A young soldier, a friend of the other soldier, came home and brought the news of his death, and every incident connected with his taking off; the situation of the works, the manner in which he was shot, the circumstances of his interment to the minutest detail, corresponded to the vision of his wife as recorded by her father.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Prevent Decay of the Teeth

With their surest preservative, aromatic SOZODONT. Whiteness of the dental row, a healthful rosiness and hardness of the gums, a sweet breath, an agreeable taste in the mouth,—all these are conferred by SOZODONT. Does not such an invaluable toilet article, one so pure as well as effective, deserve the popularity it enjoys? Most assuredly. It has no rival worthy of the name. The ordinary powders are nothing to it, and since its appearance, have rapidly lost ground. Sold by druggists.

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—HOW GEN. IMBODEN CAPTURED THE NINTH MARYLAND AT CHARLESTOWN—A REBEL SABER THAT LOOKED AS LONG AS A FENCE RAIL AND AS BRIGHT AS AN ELECTRIC LIGHT.

[Several of the prominent actors in the scenes described by the Federal officer in the "Major's Story" given below being residents of this community, gives that story a local interest. The section of artillery used in driving the Federals from the Court-house was commanded by Lieut. Carter Berkeley, of the firm of Berkeley & Walters of Staunton, whilst Lieut. Hugh H. Fultz commanded the other section of McClanahan's Battery, and both sections were engaged during the rest of the day. Maj. Harry Gilmore, with forty men of his command, was upon the extreme right and in rear of the enemy between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry—part of the Eighteenth and Sixty-second Regiments occupying the centre and left. Gilmore charged the left of the enemy's line of infantry at the same time that Capt. Frank Imboden led the charge upon their center with Companies A and H of the Eighteenth. Capt. G. Julian Pratt captured the colors of the Ninth Maryland infantry in that charge. Capt. Frank B. Berkeley, Adjutant-General of the Brigade, was present throughout the fight. Capt. Thos. S. Doyle, Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb & Blind was also present throughout the day.—EDITOR STAUNTON SPECTATOR.]

"The Johnnies had some pretty derned smart officers during the war," said the major, when he had cooled off after growling at the heat, "and some of them that did the most effective work were almost the least heard of. Imboden was one of them. He was a smashing good soldier, had the true instincts of a cavalryman, and was as much at home in the saddle for a three days' ride to raid an outpost as he would have been playing bean poker for apple brandy in a cross-roads grocery in the Shenandoah mountain.s

"In 1863, when the Army of the Potomac chased Lee's defeated and sullen forces back into Virginia, Meade left at Harper's Ferry only a small corps of observation, instead of the large force kept there previously for no better purpose than for the rebs to run out and gallop all over the country whenever they took a notion to do so. Only force enough was left to watch confederate operations in the fair valley stretching away to the southward, and to guard the railway from the roving, restless bands of light horsemen that kept things wide awake in that neighborhood. For one of these bands to reach the road and have a brief time to spare meant a burned bridge or an obstructed tunnel that would take days perhaps to rebuild or clear, and that meant—the devil itself sometimes. The force so left consisted of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts infantry, a gallant regiment that had been engaged before in racing up and down the Shenandoah with Banks and other distinguished generals of masterly retreat, and had had then no opportunity of showing what metal it contained, though, God rest their brave souls, many a gallant fellow had too good chances the next year. The other troops were three light batteries detached from the army of the Potomac, one that had been with Averill across the mountains, and two six months' Maryland regiments of infantry, besides which was the Purnell legion of Maryland cavalry.

"In October, Gen. Sullivan had just relieved Gen. Henry H. Lockwood, the father of the young officer who lost his life in the Arctic with Greely, and the force was then distributed so that the Ninth Maryland and a squadron of cavalry were at Charlestown, some dozen miles from the ferry, the Tenth Maryland and the three Potomac batteries lay along the high ground at the western foot of Maryland heights, across the Potomac, and the Bay State men and the Seventeenth Indiana battery were on Bolivar plain, above the town at the ferry.

"On the morning of the 18th of October, not an hour after sunrise, I had my batteries out drilling, when I heard guns to the southward, away beyond Bolivar, and riding out to the redoubt above the river was signaled in a short time to come at once with my command to headquarters; Col. Revere, of the Tenth Maryland, receiving the same orders. I gave the same instructions to the battery commanders, and started off at once with a lieutenant and our orderlies, and in half an hour so reported. No one yet knew the trouble, but the lookout from Bolivar heights located at it or very near Charlestown, and Col. Wells of the Thirty-fourth was started out, Miner's Indiana battery, with which I went, and Cole's battalion of the cavalry accompanying.

"We soon found out what the trouble was. Gen. J. D. Imboden, with a small force of cavalry, perhaps five hundred, and a section of artillery, had started from Berryville, at 2 o'clock that Sunday morning, nearly twenty miles away, and marched to Charlestown, where he arrived about sunrise and succeeded in surrounding the place before a single officer or man discovered the least sign of his approach. I don't know where the cavalrymen were located, they certainly were not posted, but the infantry was located in the court-house yard, which was inclosed with a low barricade wall of stones and timber, while the court-house and jail, where old John Brown was confined, tried, and hanged, was loopholed for musketry firing. Imboden demanded a surrender, but Col. Simpson, of the Nineteenth, demanded an hour for consideration—probably wanted to drill his troops. Imboden wouldn't have that, and sent word that he would give five minutes before he opened fire, and advised Simpson to send the women and children out of the way. Simpson answered gallantly to "Take me if you can," and firing at once began. Imboden had his guns posted within two squares of the court-house, and they were served well, as I found out later in the day, so that in less than five minutes our people got out in the streets and tried to skip out for Harper's Ferry. Just at the edge of town Imboden's brother and Harry Gilmore met them, and after firing only one volley our troops downed their arms and surrendered—not to a single man, however, for at the first shot Col. Simpson, his lieutenant-colonel, whose name I don't recollect, and five other mounted officers lit out, got through the rebs, and reached Bolivar Heights just about the time Wells and his command were well down the slope toward Halltown, a little place four miles away.

"Imboden, with half a dozen shells, a volley or two of carbine and pistol shots, and considerable dash, had scooped in pretty nearly as many as his own force numbered. Our folks were never very proud of that part of the day's work.

"Well, in not much more than two hours after the first shot was fired Col Wells had pushed his command so hard that we jumped into Imboden, who had been hastily improving his time in gathering together his prisoners and the considerable quantity of plunder he had secured in the way of arms, ammunition, accouterments, and supplies, and had started them off to the southward on the Berryville pike to a place of safety. He had expected a call from the Ferry, and was at home.

By the time we arrived our men and horses were pretty well knocked up by the sharp pace at which the column had been forced along, for Wells was possessed of as much energy and dash as Imboden, and would have made a brilliant mark in the history of the war had he not been killed a year after the battle of Cedar Creek. While we were fagged out Imboden's men and horses had rested, so that when our guns unlimbered and began pumping case shot at him he quietly and easily took ground to the rear and took things quietly, exchanging shots from his gun at intervals, and keeping out a good line of dismounted skirmishers that checked our exhausted infantry and cavalry.

"It was not long before matters began to warm up, as a fresh supply of wind was obtained, and the game began, and the fighting all that beautiful day was kept up in echelon, almost as regularly as if a French general of brigade was exercising in tactics. A section of the battery to the front a couple of hundred yards at the gallop, supported by a portion of the other troops, and a hot engagement would follow for twenty, or ten, or five minutes, as the case might be, Imboden resisting enough to check a continuous movement forward, and retiring as the other sections and portions of the command came up and passed on to right or left, so that for most of the time there was continuous fighting over almost every inch of the way from Charlestown to a point a few miles below Berryville, when the night came on and the pursuit was reluctantly stopped. It was of no use to go on, and not only Col. Wells, as gallant a man as ever wore strap and saber, but every officer and man in the command knew it. Yet, up to the time the halt was sounded, every soul had responded promptly to the extent of ability or human endurance to every call made.

"The whole day's work was a stern chase, but occasionally, when Imboden was pressed too close, and was in need of time to keep the prisoners and plunder safely ahead out of the way, he stopped long enough to give us a sharp taste of fighting that showed the metal that was in him. Once, late in the afternoon, at a point somewhere between Fairfield (blacksmith shop, grocery &c.,) and Berryville, Minor had gone into battery with all of his guns in a rolling field off to the right of the road, where Imboden made what threatened to be a determined stand, as the ground was all he could have wished for if he had picked it out. Just in our front, crossing the open ground diagonally from the pike, was a stone wall about three feet high, running along the edge of a steep creek bank, while beyond, nearer his lines, was another wall, somewhat higher, and from that a gentle slope upward to his position, which was just at the edge of a wooded lot, about a thousand yards away from our front. Close by our right, and 400 or 500 yards from the road, was a patch of woodland that seemed to have been well thinned out, and had a thick second growth of scrub pine that you so often see in Virginia, and apparently impassable. I say apparently advisedly, for I had ridden over to the margin of the woods and could see no trace of road, either wagon or bridle path. The guns were well at work, and as Minor was short of officers, I was directing one of his sections, when, with a whoop and a yell, out of that thick undergrowth, a little to the rear, come a couple of Harry Gillmore's squadrons, with that dare-devil sabreur leading them, straight down on us, every man with his saber pommel at the thigh, and looking as if there was a whole division of them. It wasn't more than fifty yards away, and of course it didn't take long for them to 'get there Josh.' Our support at the time was one of Cole's troops and two companies of the 34th, and the rush was so sudden and unlooked for—an 'episode,' in fact, that the support gave way and Gillmore made straight for the guns. I was dismounted at the time, and, actually, before anything could be done they rode right over and past the guns, sabers slashing and pistols firing as they went. I had been tugging like blazes at my huge revolver—army pattern, weighing as much as a carbine, almost—but couldn't get the blamed thing out, and as they rode over us a long-legged, red-headed fellow made a vicious slash at me over the wheel with his saber. I promptly dodged under the muzzle of the gun, and he didn't reach me, much to my satisfaction. 'Fours, left wheel, rang out, and back they came before you could draw a breath with any satisfaction, and when they did I laid for the son of a saber that reached for me before, for I had got out my gun by this time, and got around in rear of the piece by the trail. I didn't see my red-headed friend, but happened to look up suddenly just as a handsome, dark-moustached youngster, a boy in looks, was making a 'point' to run me through. Dern my buttons, gentlemen, but if that saber didn't look as long as a fence rail and as bright as an electric light I'll let my pay this month go into the conscience fund. It seemed to me as if I just stood still a half an hour looking at it; but that was just fancy, for I dropped flat under the gun axle and the boy swept on past.—By this time the support had rallied and began work, and in a second or two we wheeled a gun round as it stood, a stand of canister emptied a couple of saddles, and the thing was practically over. But it was warm weather for the moment. As far as my own experience and observation goes that dash of Harry Gillmore's was the haddsomest thing of the kind that took place during the war. You see, he and his men knew every blessed inch of that whole country, and had just slipped around our flank by any almost unnoticable bridle path. I'd like to run across that young fellow some time, if he pulled through the war alive, and talk that over. I would like to know just how he felt when he thought he had me so sure."

JAS. G. BLAINE.—Think of this saintly man in connection with the Government contracts of 1861. He pocketed thousands in the first year of the war by robbing the Government, and made a fortune out of whiskey alone. All through the war he was energetic in making "it pay." In 1869, while Speaker of the House of Representatives, Blaine was guilty of bribery and corruption; the incidents connected with his position as Speaker are too familiar now to need repetition. But we would like to emphasize the fact that when Mr. Blaine's rascality was being investigated by the Judiciary Committee in 1876, he got on his knees to Mr. Mulligan and asked for certain letters that he had written, which, if made public, would ruin him. He pleaded not only for himself, but for his family. He was on the verge of suicide. Mulligan refused to surrender the letters, but on Blaine's pledge of honor to return them if he could but have them till the next day, he got possession of the tell-tale sheets and kept them. He stole the letters.

This was Blaine, the church-goer. This was Blaine, the prohibitionist. This was Blaine, the magnetic statesman. This holy person, like other hypocrites, was driven to desperation when his corruption was about to be exposed. He contemplated suicide, and would possibly have ended his life in a tragical way had not Mulligan loaned him the letters. As it is, Blaine stands convicted before the world. He is branded as a bribe-taker, a hypocrite, and a man who gave his word of honor and then failed to keep it. Better have less show of religion and more integrity; less parade and more Christian morality.—*Rich. State.*

A gentleman once met a little boy on the way to school with his lunch pail in hand, and asked: "Well, my son, I suppose you learn to read at school?" "No, sir!" "What! Not learn to read! Then you learn to spell?" "No, sir!" "Not spell! Do you count?" "No, sir?" "Ah, my boy?" "What do you do?" "Wait for school to let out."

"That, sir, is dessert," said the waiter to a hoosier who was about to reach for something on the table. "I don't care if it is a wilderness," was the answer, "I am going to eat it all the same."

Easy to See Through.

How can a watch—no matter how costly—be expected to go when the mainspring won't operate? How can any one be well when his stomach, liver or kidneys are out of order? Of course you say, "He cannot." Yet thousands of people drag along miserably in that condition; not sick abed, but not able to work with comfort and energy. How foolish, when a bottle or two of Parker's Tonic would set them all right. Try it, and get back your health and spirits.

For the SPECTATOR.

To the People of Highland County.

AT HOME, August 22, 1884.

In the "new issue" of the Highland *Recorder,* of the 16th inst, there appeared an editorial article on the "effect of tariff on wool," addressed especially to you and others of the surrounding counties, in which there are misstatements of fact and fallacies of argument and conclusion that I desire to call your attention to.

The Editor says: "In fact it is the *principal* article many of them have to sell. Upon the proceeds of the sale of wool they rely for *most* of the money they get?" Now I have only to ask you, people of Highland—for to you only do I address myself at this time—is this correct? And I know that your answer will be:

"Not by any means. We get the '*most*' of our money from our cattle. Indeed, wool-growing in this county cannot be called an *industry* of the county. The only vocation we have that is entitled to the name of industry, and in the pursuit of which we expect to grow rich or poor as the case may be, is cattle raising and grazing. Comparatively, we keep but few sheep, and get but little money, some of us none, from our wool, as what we have to spare is mostly traded to our merchants for goods that we need in our families. As a matter of fact, wool is a mere adjunct to other small means, such as butter, eggs, &c., we have for an economical maintenance of the household, and would not matter much to us whether it was protected or not."

Such, I am sure, will be the response of the people of Highland to the question, for such are the facts. So the Editor will perceive that he made a great mistake in regard to the wool business of this county, but you will, doubtless, excuse him, as does the writer, for he had but recently come to the county, and had not had time to get correct information on the subject.

Then, after showing *you* to your satisfaction, as doubtless he supposed, the *vast* importance of your wool trade, as if you did not know as much about it as he did, he says: "Why was the price of wool so much better in the spring of 1883 than it was last spring?" and answers the question himself—won't let you do it, because *you* don't know—by telling you that "for some years previous to the spring of 1883, there was a high tariff on wool, * * * and so it happened the price of wool was high in the spring of 1883;" and a little further on says, the reason why "wool is low this year" is "because Congress last year took the tariff off of wool?" Now, what are the facts in relation to the points raised here? It is true wool was a *little* lower last spring than the spring before—about 5 cents in the pound—but was that owing to the reason stated? Not a bit of it? The same tariff on wool that existed in the spring of 1883 existed last spring, and lives unpruned to this day. Neither did the Congress of 1882–3, nor that of 1883–4, the last, reduce the previously existing duty on wool or anything else—much less did "the Congress of last year" take "the tariff off of wool" as that declaration would lead you to believe, if you knew no better. There has been made no change of any kind in the tariff for several years past. Thus, you see, farmers and wool-growers of Highland, that the reduction complained of in the price of wool was not owing to any change in the tariff, but, as has always been, is, and always will be the case, tariff or no tariff, it was due solely to the invariable and universal law of supply and demand, and not to a low or *no* duty on that article. Beware then of this Tempter who comes to you in the guise of a friend to your *best* interest. We are on the eve of the most important election that we have to make, and he would beguile you, not with the fruit of the tree of *knowledge,* but with a poor, pitiful *tariff* apple, into the support of the Great High Protector, James G. Blaine, whose election to the Presidency of these United States would be, I believe, the greatest political disaster that could befall this great nation.

Again—and here he gets himself into an ugly muddle, from which I can see no escape for him with untattered clothes and a whole skin—he puts it into the mouth of one of you to say: "If wool is more plentiful and England sends so many woolen goods over here, clothes ought to be cheaper, but we pay as much now as we did last year." "All true, we admit," says the Editor. Well, then, if that is a fact, and we will take it as such, who, I would ask, gets the benefit of the fall in the price of wool last spring? Not *you* certainly, but just as certainly do the great manufacturing monopolists of the country get it. What you lose by the fall in the price of wool goes into the manufacturers pocket as a *clear* gain, for, as the Editor says, clothes are no cheaper now than last year. Your loss, then, is their gain. Those proud and bloated monopolists are protected by a tariff wall so high that competition from abroad cannot scale it, and, therefore, low prices of the raw material here cannot, and *does* not, compel them to cheapen their goods, but you must continue to buy such clothing as you need, as heretofore, at almost two prices so long as that wall stands. Who built that wall, do you ask? The Republican party; and will *you* help to keep such a monopolistic party in power as that? Let your votes at the poles next November answer, "No, never." But fearing that I may weary your patience, I will close this review of the article in question for the present.

Thus has the Editor of the new *Recorder* fired his first tariff gun, which, if it continues to perform in the future as it has done this time, may very deservedly take rank with Sir Hudibras's famous old fire-lock:

"Which, whenever aimed at duck or plover,
Was sure to kick and knock its owner over,"—

and hurt nobody but that adventurous Knight himself. A. S. T.

DRINK BUTTERMILK.—In warm summer weather many persons feel an irresistible craving for something sour, and often gratify the desire by a free indulgence in pickles, or vegetables made acid with vinegar. This demand for acids indicates a deficiency in the acid secretions of the stomach, and the demand for an artificial supply is a natural one, but vinegar is not the best substitute. Lactic acid is one of the chief agents that give acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and, therefore, one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the craving for acids by giving to the stomach a natural supply, and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on butter-milk than any diet drink he can use.

FARM HORSE POINTS.—In the first place, what kind of a horse is best for the farm and road, for we want one that will answer both purposes equally well? We want a horse with a bright, intelligent face and eyes; a short, but not thick head; short ears, a neck small at the throat, deep at the shoulders, with a broad chest; short on the back, ribbed up close to the hips, 14½ to 15½ hands high, 1,000 to 1,200 pounds in weight, with smooth, strait legs. A horse that will do the most work on the least food, wear the longest and be the least apt to become unsound. The horse described will fill the requirements perfectly, providing his temperament is good. His frame is built solidly together, and he will retain his form and vigor, and will not become unsound in lung or limp with proper use, even when old. Such is the horse for farmers who must use the same animal for farm and road, for he is one that can draw a plough with ease, go to church in good style, or for the doctor in a hurry, or in a bad place can draw you out.

ATHOL, MASS., May 23, 1883.

"One bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY helped, and two completely cured me of Kidney disease and severe pains in back and sides."—James Cheney, with J. W. Goodman, Billiard Table Manufacturer.